

The blond wig of doing it.
Forever doing it disguised
as someone else, thinking
this excuses the wearer
from being thought of as doing it.

The irony of doing it.
To think a lot
but do it anyway. In
the shadows like a blind man.
The reverse action of
negative doing it. Being aware.

Dying of doing it.
Committing suicide
on the golf course
in the sauna
in the abyss. The handshake
of doing it. Burying oneself.

-- richard snyder

Ossining NY

Dracula

Once, when my wife was a child, her mother smelled sulfur & brimstone, & feared the Evil Presence had locked her in the house. The child of course had been petrified. Telling me the story, however, we had a good laugh over it. How medieval!

Last night we took in a Dracula flick, a British one, & very well made. More than once Mary squirmed & wouldn't open her eyes till I assured her the grisliness was thru.

It was dark when we finally got out. The streets of this unfamiliar tropic port seemed menacing. Back at the hotel we latched the door safely behind us. Before coming to bed, under the influence of the night, of that evil face, & of that lugubrious castle, my wife donned her Egyptian cross. We spent all day on the beach & this evening, just a few moments ago, I watched with amused surprise as she moved toward the shower, darkly beautiful & naked but for that gold cross tied in her hair.

Lord of the Rood, of the Sun, of the Unknowable Name, forgive us our preposterous conceit!